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WILLIE WILSON,

THE

NEWSBOY.

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WILLIE WILSON

THE

NEWSBOY.

ILLIE WILSON'S father died when he was six years old. His mother had very bad health; and his heart was often sad as he saw her getting worse every day.

When Willie was twelve years old, he had to think about getting his living. His mother wished to keep him a little longer at his day school, but she was too poor for that: still she hoped that he would be able to go to an evening school, and get on in his learning. After a time, it was settled that he should sell papers in the streets. He had tried to get a place in a shop, but everybody said he was small of his age, and not strong

enough for their work; so what was to be done?

A kind gentleman had given him fifty cents to start him in his new trade; but his poor mother hung down her head in grief, for she thought it was not work suited to her poor orphan boy.

"I wish to get some money for you, mother," said Willie. "I do not like to see you so ill; and you are not able to sit up at night making shirts, to buy food for us both, as you used to do."

"But, my dear child, how can I let you go into the streets," replied his mother, "where you may meet with other newsboys, who cheat, and fight, and take the name of God in vain? I believe many of these lads are honest and civil, but there may be some who are not so; and I fear that if you went every day among bad boys, you too might fall into evil ways."

"No, mother," said Willie, "I will not speak to them; I will only say to the people,

as they pass along the streets, 'Will you please buy a paper?' and when all are sold, I will run home as fast as I can."

When his mother saw how he longed to earn something for her, she gave her consent. She then talked to him about the pious lessons his dear father had once taught him. She told him that all of us had evil hearts, which were more ready to lead us into sin than into what is right. "We must pray to God," said

she, "that he would, by His Holy Spirit, create within us a new and clean heart, so that we may do his blessed will." She also spoke about the love of Jesus Christ in dying for us on the cross, and that our sins could only be forgiven for His sake. She told him how his father had loved the Saviour, and that he died with a prayer on his lips that he might meet them both in heaven.

The widow then knelt down with her poor fatherless boy, and prayed to God to

bless him. When they rose up from their knees, she said, "I will trust in the Lord, Willie, that he will be your Father and the Guide of your youth."

That night Willie crept close to his mother, and they both wept themselves to sleep.

Willie was up long before the dawn, and with the fifty cents that were given by the gentleman, he sat out to the place where the papers were sold.

It was a dull day in the

early part of the year when he began his first day's work. The wind blew the sleet and rain into his face, bringing tears into his eyes, while his body shook with cold. He had not a good warm dress like many boys, and his shoes were old and worn. But his heart was warm with love to his sick mother, and he did not mind what he passed through, that he might take home some money to get her a cup of tea and some bread.

Willie was soon seen at the

corner of a street, near to where some coaches stood. He began to call aloud the titles of his papers, as he heard the other newsboys do. "This must be the way to sell," thought Willie, and he walked up the street calling his papers.

At first it seemed strange to him, and he felt ashamed; but in a little while this feeling wore off. To every one who passed he offered a paper, but he did not sell them so freely as he had hoped to

do. One man, while Willie was calling, told him to hold his tongue, and not make such a noise in the streets.

Willie thought to himself, "He does not know that I am selling them for my poor mother." In this manner the morning passed.

But had he sold all his papers? No, he had nearly one-half of them still left. He now sat down on a step to think what he should do. He felt very hungry, and at last thought he would go

home, hoping that he should be able to sell the rest of the papers the next day. He did not consider that, unless he sold them that day, he could not sell them at all, as the news would be old, and people would not want old newspapers.

Just at this moment two boys who were bigger than Willie came up, and after talking with him a little while, they saw that he was a simple little fellow, so they said, "Do you want to make

a sixpence?" "That I do," was Willie's quick reply. "If you meet us to-night down the lane by the gardens," said they, "we will get you to do a job for us, and we will pay you well." Willie did not quite understand them, and was not willing at first, but at length he agreed to meet them.

When Willie went home, he told his mother about the boys, and that he was going to earn sixpence in the evening.

"I cannot consent to your going," said she. "It would not be for your good. I am afraid that the boys intend to do something that is bad. What can they want you to do after dark for sixpence? Besides, they are strangers to us. You will stop at home, and we will read the Bible, and then get to rest soon, for we have not coals to last for many hours."

Willie was sure that his mother knew best, and he

agreed to what she said without a word.

Next day, Willie went out to buy some more papers, though he could not get so many as before, for he had not so much money to lay out.

As the clock struck eight he saw a great crowd of people coming down the street. Some had sticks, and others made a great noise.

"We have caught the thieves," said one man; "they

have at last got into our hands."

Willie was rather afraid, and he ran up upon a door-step. There, as the crowd passed, he was high enough to see that they were leading along two boys. What was his surprise to find that these were the very boys who had offered to give him a job after dark the night before, and to pay him sixpence for it.

And as he stood on that doorstep, he heard some of the crowd say that these boys

were caught robbing an old lady's garden down a lane over night. They were now being taken before the magistrate, so that they might be sent to prison.

Now Willie saw that his mother had done wisely in not permitting him to meet the boys after dark. He at once ran home to tell her what he had seen, and to join with her in thanking God for saving him from the snare that had been laid for his feet.

While they were talking about the matter, the gentleman who had given Willie the fifty cents came into the room. By some means he had heard about Willie's kind conduct to his mother, and how willing he was to work; and then, too, he also learned about the wicked boys, and how the poor orphan had been kept from evil. With all this he was very pleased.

It was so, that just at that time he wanted an honest,

willing boy to assist in his warehouse, and he had called to make the offer for Willie to have the place. This was a happy turn in the history of the poor lad. His mother, we may be sure, gladly agreed that he should accept the offer; and in a few days he began his new duties.

If we had time we would tell you of the joy there was in the widow's room, when Willie took home his first week's wages; but as we have not, we will only say, May

God bless Willie Wilson, and may he be long spared to be a comfort to his pious mother, and repay the kindness of his worthy master.

TAKE

THE RIGHT TURNING.

Y name is Job Joyce. I live at the white cottage in the valley. If you have passed that way, I am sure you have stopped to look at my cottage, for it has two

white rose-trees climbing round the door, and three bee-hives in the garden. I have been a sad rover in my time; and as I have seen not a little of the world, I ought to be able to tell you something worth hearing. "Days should speak, and years should teach wisdom." If I can say a few words to do you good, you are welcome to my advice.

When I was young, I was a very wilful sort of boy. To many a kind word of counsel I have answered, that "I was

old enough to judge for myself." You need not wonder, then, that I often got myself into trouble.

"Job," said my father to me one afternoon in the winter, "I want you to take these two empty sacks to miller Brown's." Now, the miller lived in the next village, about two miles away. "Be sure you take the right turning, Job; and as it will be quite dark before you can get back, you had better take the lantern with you.

"Oh," I replied, "I can find my way back in the dark with my eyes shut; there is no fear of my taking the wrong turning."

It was very foolish of me to answer in this manner, as our family had not long lived in that part of the country, and I was therefore rather a stranger to the places around.

On my way home, the night set in dark: there was neither moon nor star to be seen. After first walking in one way, and then in another,

I was quite brought to a stand Whilst thinking what I should do, I heard some footsteps. They were those of a man who was going home from work; but I could not tell whether he were a bad man or not. However, with a good deal of fear I called out to know if I were in the right way for my father's house. "Why, my lad," he said, "you are quite out of the way; you have taken the *wrong turning*.

As the man was going the

same way as myself, I was glad to have him for a guide; and by his friendly help I got safely home, though in rather a more humble temper of mind than that in which I set out. I wish this had been the only time in my life when I did not take the right turning.

Shortly after this, I went to work at the Manor Farm. It was agreed that I should live in the house, and sleep in the same room, over the stable, along with a fellow-

servant, the carter. Before I went to my place, my pious mother said to me, "Job, if you would have the blessing of God rest upon you, do not forget to pray to Him every night and morning." The first night I retired to rest, the young carter was soon in bed, but I sat down on an old chair in the room. "Why don't you get into bed, Job?" said the carter. Ah, why did I not? The fact was I was ashamed to pray, and yet afraid to lie down to sleep

without prayer. The fear that the young carter would laugh at me made me a coward. I wished that I had slept in another room, or that my fellow-servant would fall asleep. There was a struggle in my heart. My duty clearly was to kneel down — to make a decided stand for what is right — to obey my mother, and to seek my mother's God and Saviour. But I gave way. I got into bed without prayer, and in a short time I was fast asleep. It was a

turning point in my life, and I failed to take *the right turning.*

Well would it have been for me if I had stood firm to duty, for I was soon thrown into the midst of snares and trials. You may be sure of this, that if you give up prayer, you will get on to slippery places, and be in the highway of sin. So I found it.

My pious father and moth er were soon laid in the grave, and I quickly forgot all their wise advice and

warnings. Their Bible was sold for a few pence. The house of God was given up; and I got among those who told me that "I might live as I liked, and get to heaven at last." There are, alas, many in this world who are ready to help on the young to ruin.

After a time I got tired of farming, and enlisted as a sol dier to a sergeant who came into our village with ribbons on his cap, and a medal on his breast; but not liking the duties of military life, I ran

away, and getting to the sea-shore, I engaged myself as a sailor. I thought it a fine thing to visit many lands, and see the world. A sailor's life may be all very well in fine weather, but storms will come, and the smoothest sea will be lashed by the winds into fury. Certainly our ship met with storms enough, and in one of them she was wrecked on a rock. Of the whole crew three only were saved.

That was a dreadful night when I found myself on the

top of a rock in the midst of the wide ocean. The thunder roared, the lightening flashed across the sky, and the waves rose like mountains: you may suppose that I was filled with terror. Though I had been ashamed to pray before the carter in the little room over the stable, I was not ashamed to call upon God before my two ship-mates on the top of that rock. I cast myself on my knees, and prayed to God to save me, body and soul, for Jesus Christ's sake. Well,

the dreary night passed away: in the morning the storm began to lull, and to our joy a ship hove in sight. We made signal to it, which was seen, and a boat was sent to take us on board. I returned, in due time, to my own land, a wiser man than I left it.

It was some time after I had given up a sailor's life, that God, by His Holy Spirit, brought me to see that I was in the broad way that leads to death. I felt that I was a sinner; but then I was taught

that Jesus Christ was a Saviour, able and willing to save the chief of sinners. I believed in Him with all my heart, and through His grace was led to repent of sin, and to live, as I hope, a life devoted to His service.

As I now sit in my old arm chair in the front of my cottage, I think of days that are past. While I cherish a good hope of heaven through the merits of my Saviour, I wish to do a little good to others. And so I say to you, my young

friends, — Be sure that you take *the right turning*. There are many false guides ready enough to lead you in the wrong way; but if you have been trained, as I was, in the ways of piety, stand fast by your early instructions, and they will stand fast by you.

There is a path that leads to God;
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world
of sin,
And dangers must be passed:
But those who humbly walk therein
Will go to heaven at last.

How shall a feeble pilgrim dare
This narrow path to tread?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travellers spread:

While the broad road, where thou-
sands go,
Lies near and open fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from Thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

Then I may go without alarm,
And trust His word of old,
"The lambs He'll gather with His arm,
And lead them to the fold."

Thus I may safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd's care,
And keep the gate of heaven in view,
Till I shall enter there.

ALWAYS DO RIGHT.

FIGHT! a fight!" cried Will Racket, the wheelwright's boy, as he threw down his hammer, and ran up the green lane.

"Fight him! fight him!" shouted Fred Parker, the baker's apprentice; at the same time, placing his tray on the ground, he rushed to join a crowd on the village green.

"What is it all about?" called out Ben Frost, the sawyer, as he stood at the alehouse door, and the next moment pushed his way, with eager looks, to the same spot.

"I don't wish to fight," said John Smith, a meek, pale-faced boy, in black dress, and

a band of crape around his cap; while before him stood Ned Brown, with his jacket thrown off, and his shirt sleeves tucked up above his elbows.

"Why not fight him?" cried some of the men and boys: "he struck you, and you should hit him again."

"But my mother has told me that I must not fight," said John; "and I will not disobey her. I have not done any harm, and I don't see

why Ned should wish me to fight."

No sooner did John thus speak, than the crowd began to mock and shout aloud. "He is a big coward, that he is. He is afraid to fight because his mother says he must not;" and Ned Brown stamped with his foot, and looked fiercer than ever.

Just at this moment, Mr. Morris, the schoolmaster, was drawn by the noise to the place; and quickly making his way through the throng,

he stood between the two boys, and began to inquire what all the noise was about.

He soon saw how matters stood, and turning to Ned Brown, he desired him to go at once to his work in the mill, while he gently took John Smith aside from the noisy crowd, that he might ask him a few questions.

"Why would you not fight with Ned Brown?" said the schoolmaster.

"If I were to fight him," replied John Smith, "perhaps

I should hurt him, and I do not want to do him any harm."

"Very good," said Mr. Morris.

"And if I did not hurt him," added John, "I fear that he would hurt me, as he is a stronger boy than I am."

"No doubt of it," said the schoolmaster.

"I do not think, sir, that fighting is the right or best way of settling a quarrel."

"That is quite correct," added Mr. Morris. "I wish

everybody thought as you do; the world would be all the better for it.,"

"Then, sir, I would rather be called a coward than do what I know to be wrong."

"Very good again," said the schoolmaster, as he laid his hand on the head of the peace-loving boy.

"And more than that, sir, to fight is not only against what my mother has taught me, but also against the commands of our Saviour, who

has told us to love one another."

John Smith went home with a light and happy heart that day; and was not ashamed to tell his mother all that had taken place. When she heard how her son had acted, she thanked God who had enabled him to do right, even when he had to bear with scorn and mockery for so doing.

For some days it was the talk of the rude boys of the village that John Smith was

nothing better than a coward, because he had refused to fight Ned Brown; yet it was not long before they had to change their minds on the subject.

One afternoon, as John was going on an errand for his uncle, he came to the old stone bridge, which crosses the river near to Gaffer Wood's, when he heard loud cries of distress. On looking along the bank towards the old mill, where the waters run strongly, he saw a lad

struggling in the stream. The unhappy boy had tried in vain to reach the shore, and was now ready to sink.

In a moment John cast off his coat and shoes, and plunged into the water, for he was a good swimmer. He soon reached the drowning lad, and with one hand clasped him firmly by the arm, and with the other struck out for the shore. With much skill and courage he brought the lad to land; and to his great joy found that he had been

the means of saving fighting Ned Brown from an early death.

Ned was not a little touched at the conduct of John Smith, and grateful for being saved from a watery grave. He took his deliverer with both hands, and as the tears fell down his face, thanked him over and over again. Then he asked to be forgiven for having so often spoken unkindly to him, and for so wickedly trying to provoke him to fight.

"You will not strike me again," said John; "will you, Ned?"

"No," cried the penitent boy; "and I will take care that no one else does; that I will."

It was soon reported through the village that John Smith had, at the risk of his own life, saved Ned Brown from being drowned. Whatever had been the opinion before among the young men and boys, there was now no doubt in their minds who

lad shown true courage. They all agreed that John was a brave boy; and when he passed the cottages, with Ned by his side, many a kind and civil word was spoken to him both by old and young. Even the wheelwright's boy and the baker's apprentice now received him with much respect, and thought it was quite plain that a lad might be truly brave at heart, even though he would not fight.

"Let the conduct of John Smith," said Mr. Morris, just

before the village school broke up one day, "be an example to you all. He who dares to obey his parents, and who seeks to fear God, though it draws upon him an ill name, proves that he has a truly brave spirit. While he who is ashamed to walk in an upright course, lest those who are around should mock him, is without true courage. If all people were of John Smith's mind, the world would be much happier than it is. Mind what I say, my

boys—and I would say the same to girls also;—ALWAYS DO RIGHT—*in all things, in all places, and at all times.*"

BOYS AT PLAY.

ON the cheerful village green,
Skirted round with houses small,
All the boys and girls are seen,
Playing there with hoop and ball.

Now they frolic hand in hand,
Making many a merry chain;
Then they form a warlike band,
Marching o'er the level plain.

Now ascends the worsted ball,
High it rises in the air;
Or against the cottage wall,
Up and down it bounces there.

Then the hoop,-with even pace,
Runs before the merry throngs;
Joy is seen in every face,
Joy is heard in cheerful songs.

Rich array and mansions proud,
Gilded toys, and costly fare,
Would not make the little crowd
Half so happy as they are.

Then contented with my state,
Where true pleasure may be seen,
Let me envy not the great
On a cheerful village green.

THE END.

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